

The Raincloud Man, by Eddie Robson

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[Part One]

WAITER: Continental breakfast?

DOCTOR: Ah, that's mine, thank you.

WAITER: And a full English with extra black pudding.

CHARLEY: Oh, thank you. Could I have some more coffee, please?

WAITER: Of course.

CHARLEY: (yawns) If I fall asleep face-down in my baked beans, please could you make sure I don't drown?

DOCTOR: You'll feel more awake once you've eaten something.

CHARLEY: I'll feel more awake once I've had some sleep.

DOCTOR: I promised you breakfast, and breakfast you shall have.

CHARLEY: Hmm. Very impressive how you got the Tardis to bring us straight here. It's, er, the first trouble-free trip I've had with you.

DOCTOR: Er, newspaper?

CHARLEY: No thanks.

DOCTOR: Don't mind if I do, do you?

CHARLEY: Mother always said it was bad manners.

DOCTOR: And your mother's name? Date of birth? Place of birth? Hmm. Still forgotten all that, have you?

CHARLEY: Well, the hypoxia and the Krotons didn't really help in that department. Sorry.

(Referencing bonus story number 6)

DOCTOR: Mmm. Good grief.

CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: Look at this story.

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

DOCTOR: We've got to go to Manchester, right away.

CHARLEY: Right.

WAITER: Your coffee.

CHARLEY: Thank you.

DOCTOR: We have to go right away, once we've finished breakfast.

CHARLEY: I was going to say.

MENZIES: Right. He's in room 12. Lee, you go and wait outside the window down in the alley. Mike, you go down and wait in the lobby, in case he manages to get past us.

POLICEMEN: Right.

MENZIES: Sean, you're with me. I've got a key. Hopefully he'll come quietly, but the profile says he's likely to be more than a bit on edge. Let me do the talking.

SEAN: Okay.

MENZIES: We'll just give Lee a few more seconds to get round and then... What the hell's going on down there?

(A fight.)

MENZIES: Was that Mike?

SEAN: Dunno.

MENZIES: Am I correct in thinking that you've just assaulted a police officer?

BOUNCER: (Scots) Is this the key for room 12?

MENZIES: Never mind whether it's... Hey!

BOUNCER: Thank you.

(Door opens and closes.)

MENZIES: Thanks for valiantly rushing to my defence there.

POLICEMAN 3: He was... he was huge.

MENZIES: Run downstairs and ask if they've got another key.

LISH: I'm not coming with you.

BOUNCER: You know why you have to come back.

LISH: I know why I can't. You know what Brooks has got planned for me.

BOUNCER: I'm taking you back.

LISH: Keep away. I'm serious.

BOUNCER: Oh, I'm so scared.

SEAN: Got it.
MENZIES: Right, let's...
(Scream, breaking glass.)
MENZIES: Let's get in there.
(Door opens.)
SEAN: Oh my God.
(Beep of communicator.)
MENZIES: (radio) L.O? We're going to need a coroner. No, not for the suspect. He's escaped out the window. Hang on. Lee, where did he go?
LEE: (distant) I didn't see. Something fell on me head.
MENZIES: I don't know. You ask for men, they send you clots and numpties. Sorry. The victim's a big guy. Very big. Looks like a puncture wound to the heart. Cheers.
SEAN: He fell into the mirror.
MENZIES: Seven years' bad luck. What on Earth are we dealing with 'ere?

(Phone rings.)
POLICEMAN: Hello, Longsight Police Station? Oh, excuse me a second. There's some visitors waiting for you, Ma'am.
MENZIES: Thanks.
MAN: I've still got no ID on the victim.
MENZIES: Don't make it a priority. Concentrate on the suspect. Eye witness reports said his face and hands looked really rough and grey, like he had some kind of a skin condition.
SEAN: He's not the sort of bloke you'd think could keep a low profile. You always seem to get the funny cases, don't you?
MENZIES: Yeah. All my cases are a laugh-a-minute. Shame it's not summer. He'd find it harder to hide with everybody in t-shirts. I bet even I feel wrapped up in a hat, scarf and gloves. Look, the main thing we need to be looking for is whether he leaves town. Look for nicked cars, be on alert at Piccadilly, Victoria, Oxford Road. Use the ... Oh no. It's you.
DOCTOR: Ooo, charming.
CHARLEY: A Merry Christmas to you too.
DOCTOR: Where have you been? We've been waiting for you for an hour.
MENZIES: Oh, I've been out policing.
DOCTOR: Ah.
MENZIES: It's a drag, but apparently it's me job. And I thought I told you to steer clear of Manchester.
SEAN: Who are they?
CHARLEY: I'm Charley and this is the Doctor.
MENZIES: And we're gonna continue this conversation in one of the interview rooms where nobody else can hear it.

DOCTOR: Oh, is this the same one you questioned me in after you arrested me for murder?
MENZIES: Probably. Ah, the nostalgia. Those were the days, et cetera. Now, what do you want?
CHARLEY: Very brusque, isn't she?
MENZIES: Indeed I am.
DOCTOR: Did you read this story in the newspaper this morning?
MENZIES: No. I prefer my newspapers to actually contain news. I see you go for topless models and greyhound racing.
DOCTOR: It had been discarded in a café and I happened to see it, and it's very lucky I did. Read it.
MENZIES: (reads) A Manchester man was amazed to find a pound coin in his change yesterday which seemed to have come from the future. Future in capital letters. Martin Jones got the quid, pictured right, from a ticket machine at Manchester Piccadilly Station. I sat down on a train and I checked that I'd picked up all my change, said Mister Jones, 34, when I realised that one of them looked unusual. I flipped it over and I found that it had the year 2012 on the back. The coin was exactly the same size and weight as a proper pound otherwise the machine would have rejected it. Someone's idea of a joke or evidence of time travellers in our midst. If there are people that are here from the future, Mister Jones continued, next time maybe they could say hello, and tell me what next week's lottery numbers are! Exclamation mark. It's hard-hitting journalism.
CHARLEY: Yes, we do know it looks like nonsense.
MENZIES: The fact that it's in a paper which usually specialises in Hitler's Ghost Haunts Me Shed type stories doesn't exactly add to its credibility.
DOCTOR: I'm sure the person who wrote that doesn't believe it, but the pound coin there is the genuine article.
MENZIES: What?
DOCTOR: I've been to the year 2012, and I recognise that coin. It was minted for the Olympics. Or it will be,

depending on your point of view.

MENZIES: You've been to the year 2012?

DOCTOR: Yes.

MENZIES: So you're time travellers?

CHARLEY: Didn't we mention that before?

MENZIES: I think I would have remembered.

DOCTOR: Oh. Sorry.

MENZIES: No. No, carry on. As it happens, you're not the first time travellers I've come across. What about this quid, then?

DOCTOR: Well, my guess is it was brought here from about ten years in the future, and whoever's done that, I'm a little bit concerned about what else they might be up to.

MENZIES: Such as?

DOCTOR: Well, they might be totally harmless, like me.

(Charley coughs.)

DOCTOR: Hmm? Or they might be trying to change history, subvert it, weaken the Earth for an attack. Even if they don't have any malign intent, they may not know what they're doing, and that in itself could be disastrous.

MENZIES: Okay. Fair enough. What do you want me to do?

DOCTOR: I'd like to try to track this coin back by looking at the CCTV footage.

MENZIES: Er, you won't be able to see it on CCTV. It's, you know, quite small, and the cameras are generally far away.

DOCTOR: Yes, thank you, I realise that. I have ways and means. I just need the footage.

MENZIES: All right, if you want to give it a go. You'll want the footage from Piccadilly Station, then?

DOCTOR: Yes, please.

(Phone.)

MENZIES: Steve? Yeah, could you get Piccadilly to copy their CCTV for the last, er, say three days?

DOCTOR: Yeah.

MENZIES: We'll come and collect it ASAP.

DOCTOR: Oh, and I'll also need the records from that ticket machine, and the diagram of its workings from the manufacturer.

MENZIES: All right. Did you hear that, Steve? Cheers. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm trying to find a murderer, and I don't think there are any in this room. Stop me if I'm wrong.

CHARLEY: It's very good of you to help us like this.

MENZIES: Yes, it is, isn't it? Mind out, though. I might just want something in return.

(Telephone rings.)

CARMEN: Hello?

BROOKS [OC]: Is that Carmen?

CARMEN: Yes.

BROOKS [OC]: Late to bed last night?

CARMEN: What do you think?

BROOKS [OC]: Just to let you know, I don't think we'll be leaving now until late afternoon at the earliest.

CARMEN: What's the delay?

BROOKS [OC]: Engine problems. We could do with an expert, but they're a bit thin on the ground, so we're making do.

CARMEN: I can imagine. Look, there's a place I wanted to go to this evening, so if there's time...

BROOKS [OC]: I'll let you know. Have you won enough to cover your board whilst you've been ashore?

CARMEN: Don't worry. You don't need to put me on dish-washing duty just yet.

BROOKS [OC]: Enjoy your day.

CARMEN: I will.

CHARLEY: Oh - any sign of your murderer?

MENZIES: Er, neither hide nor hair, he's gone to ground. Doesn't the Doctor need any help?

CHARLEY: Not from me. I spent the last two hours learning how to do Sudokus. Why?

MENZIES: I'm going to see this bloke I know. He might be able to help with this problem.

CHARLEY: Can I come along?

MENZIES: Sure. You've probably got a better idea of what the Doctor's looking for than I have. I'm still a bit new at all this.

CHARLEY: How do you think he'll be able to help anyway?

MENZIES: I'll explain in the car.

KELSA: (male) No, I'm sorry. I don't know where he is. I don't really remember him, to be honest.

LISH: Please, you must. He was a Shinx. His name was Kord. He had a human disguise. Called himself

Bailey. Gregory Bailey. His wife called herself Antonia.

KELSA: Ah. Now, that rings a bell. I might have *her* phone number.

LISH: Please, anything you can do.

KELSA: Yeah, here it is.

SWITCHBOARD: The number you have called has not been recognised.

KELSA: Ah. Ah, she must have changed her number. Oh, shame. I'd have liked to have seen her again.

LISH: There must be something else you can do.

KELSA: Sorry. Have you tried the phone book?

LISH: You could help me, er, well, to get away?

KELSA: I don't think so. Look, I really do sympathise, but I can't afford to get mixed up in this.

LISH: Please. I...

(Mobile phone.)

KELSA: Shh, shh. Hello?

MENZIES [OC]: Kelsa, hello. Are you at home?

KELSA: Yes.

MENZIES [OC]: And you're not busy?

KELSA: Er, no.

MENZIES [OC]: Good, because I'm on my way over.

KELSA: By the fact that you've already set off, I assume you were gonna come over whether I was busy or not.

MENZIES [OC]: Yeah, but though, er, I'd have felt slightly bad for inconveniencing you if you hadn't been busy. I'll see you in about fifteen minutes.

KELSA: The anticipation is so intense, I can hardly speak. (call ends) You'd better go.

LISH: Why, who was that?

KELSA: The police.

LISH: I'll go.

KELSA: Yeah, you will, and make sure nobody sees you.

LISH: Don't worry. I'm, I'm good at not being seen.

KELSA: Yeah. You need to be with a face like that.

CHARLEY: So who is he?

MENZIES: His name's Kelsa. He's my man who knows about time travel. I say he's a man. He looks like one of us, but he's very much other.

CHARLEY: What species is he? One of the Doctor's lot?

MENZIES: What do I look like? Hitch-hiker's Guide To The Galaxy?

CHARLEY: What?

MENZIES: He didn't say. I take 'em on an individual basis.

CHARLEY: Fair enough.

MENZIES: I met him over the summer. Since that caper earlier this year, word's got out about me. Not in the force - thankfully they haven't got a clue about any of it - but the, er, the aliens around town - like I say, word got around. Had a couple of cases where one of them lot was in trouble and came to me for help and, er, out of the goodness of me heart I gave them a hand and helped keep it low-key. And that was where I made a crucial error, because now they're all at it.

CHARLEY: Asking you for help?

MENZIES: Yep, help with this and that and the other. In return sometimes I can get 'em to do something for me. For instance, Kelsa can sense disturbances in time, or so he tells me. Come to think of it, it's possible it was just his idea of a chat-up line, but he might be able to help us find the Doctor's time-traveller. Assuming he, she or it is still here, or ever was.

CHARLEY: Are you saying you don't believe the Doctor?

MENZIES: I'm not saying that. I mean, I'm going to all this effort, aren't I? It's just that, even if that pound coin is genuine, we've still got no idea how it got 'ere.

CHARLEY: Well, how else?

MENZIES: Well, didn't it occur to you that *he* might have brought it? If he is bouncing from one time to the other he might have done it and forgotten. Or he might do it in his future. His little investigation might wind up with him finding himself, and I don't mean in the spiritual sense.

CHARLEY: Oh, yeah. Gosh, you've got a good grasp of this time travel stuff for someone who's never done it. Usually people get terribly confused when we start talking about arriving before we left and whatnot.

MENZIES: Really? It's not exactly rocket science, you know. I have seen Back To The Future and all that.

CHARLEY: Oh. Have you?

MENZIES: Here we are.

(Knocking on door. Door opens.)

KELSA: I've got a doorbell.

MENZIES: I know. But I've spent years perfecting the policeman's knock and I'm going to use it. Can we come in?

KELSA: Of course.

MENZIES: This here is Charlotte Pollard.

CHARLEY: Call me Charley.

KELSA: Charmed. Now, can I get anything to, er... anything to ... Ow.

CHARLEY: Are you all right?

KELSA: Ow, ow, ow.

CHARLEY: What's wrong?

KELSA: I, er, I think you are. Would you mind stepping back, please?

MENZIES: Sorry. I should have said. She's a time-traveller.

KELSA: No. No, it's - it's more than that. Your time-line's all snarled up. Unresolved paradox. You ... Hang on, you ... you're close to somebody who you've already met in his or her future.

CHARLEY: But, er...

KELSA: But when you met his or her future self. Sorry, he or she. It's hard enough trying to use your language to describe non-linear temporal events. I could do without one of the participants being of indeterminate gender.

CHARLEY: He. He's a he.

KELSA: He didn't remember you when you met, in his future, your past. Oh. Whoa-ho-ho, it hurts to even look at you. Where are my pills?

MENZIES: I take it from your reaction that he's not wrong.

CHARLEY: Er, he's not, no. And he's shockingly specific.

KELSA: It's a common problem. The flavour of it is quite distinctive. Where are they?

MENZIES: So do I take it he means the Doctor?

CHARLEY: Please don't tell him. It's incredibly important that you don't tell him. It's for his own good.

MENZIES: So, you used to know him in his future, and now you're travelling with him now?

CHARLEY: Yes.

MENZIES: And you haven't told him?

CHARLEY: It... it's complicated.

MENZIES: I'll bet. What are you up to?

CHARLEY: I'm not up to anything, I'm just... I don't know.
(Mobile phone.)

MENZIES: Yep? Oh, hello, what do you want? Mm-hmm.

KELSA: Phew! Sorry about that.

CHARLEY: Are you all right now?

KELSA: More or less.

KELSA: I've taken some dampening medication. I can see you properly now.

MENZIES: (background) Be with you in about, er, twenty minutes.

CHARLEY: What?

KELSA: Ah, er, nothing.

CHARLEY: Who was that?

MENZIES: Another one of them.

KELSA: One of us?

MENZIES: Yeah, one of you. He's got a little problem he'd like a hand with. Charley, do you want to stay here and ask Kelsa about the Doctor's investigation?

CHARLEY: All right.

MENZIES: This shouldn't take too long. I'll pick you up in about an hour.

(Telephone rings.)

DOCTOR: Hello?

MENZIES: Come and give us an 'and.

DOCTOR: A please would be nice.

MENZIES: I'm sure it would. I'm on my way to investigate a report of a body.

DOCTOR: Any particular reason you need me?

MENZIES: Yeah. The call came in from one of my alien acquaintances. The body's not human. You might have some idea what it is.

DOCTOR: I might, yes. All right, I'll meet you there.

MENZIES: I'll tell them to get a squad car to drop you off.

DOCTOR: Er, what's the address?

KELSA: Now, would you like that drink?

CHARLEY: Oh. Yes, please.

KELSA: Er, gin and tonic? Whisky, martini?

CHARLEY: Tea if you have it.
KELSA: So what did you want to ask me about?
CHARLEY: My friend the Doctor and I think there might be a time traveller somewhere in the city. Or there might have been one recently.
KELSA: Well, there was a definite disturbance this morning. It woke me up, actually.
CHARLEY: Oh, that would have been us arriving. Sorry.
KELSA: Oh. Then no. It's been quite quiet recently apart from that.
CHARLEY: Oh. Maybe we're wrong, then. I suppose that'd be a good thing.
KELSA: Milk? Sugar?
CHARLEY: Milk, one sugar, please. So, you've seen people in, er, situations like mine before?
KELSA: Yeah. Occupational hazard for time-travellers. The shape of your dilemma is more... unusual, though.
CHARLEY: Well, quite.
KELSA: And more dangerous.
CHARLEY: What do you mean?
KELSA: If you haven't told him about it, you have to. Here's your tea.
CHARLEY: What do you mean, dangerous?
KELSA: I can just sense that this could cause a serious problem, and you're not helping matters by keeping this from him.
CHARLEY: It's not as simple as you think.
KELSA: Really? I think it's horrendously complicated. So that's actually rather alarming to hear.

(Knock. Door opens.)

MENZIES: Ah, there you are.
DOCTOR: I came as fast as I could.
MENZIES: It's all right, Dave, you don't need to hang around.
DAVE: Right.
MENZIES: Come in, then.
DOCTOR: Now, where's the owner?
MENZIES: All around you.
DOCTOR: Hmm?
MENZIES: He usually takes on human form, but in times of high stress, he reverts to his natural state, which is a sort of a gas. You all right, Sparky?
DOCTOR: Sparky?
MENZIES: Yeah, called him that because his human form looks like Mark Hughes. He gets City fans telling him who to buy all the time.
DOCTOR: What? Oh, he sounds edgy.
MENZIES: Don't worry, Sparky. We'll get this body out of here in no time. Mostyn's lads are on their way. So, what do you think?
DOCTOR: Ah ha. Tall, roughly humanoid, orange skin plus the uniform. Now, this looks to me like one of the Tabbalac.
MENZIES: Spelling, please?
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, prrr, T - A - B - B - A - L - A - C.
MENZIES: Okay. What are they about, then?
DOCTOR: I haven't had many dealings with them. In fact, I thought they were more or less totally inactive in this time zone.
MENZIES: Life has a way of surprising you.
DOCTOR: Quite. Well, they're an aggressive lot and hard to deceive. They're very good at reading body language, know when people are lying.
MENZIES: I would have thought that would make them more empathic.
DOCTOR: So would I. But life has a way of surprising you.
MENZIES: Touché.
DOCTOR: So how did he end up here?
MENZIES: Spaceship I imagine. You're the expert on that stuff.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, I mean, in this house.
MENZIES: Broke in. Sparky says this bloke was looking for somebody, it all got a bit heated.
DOCTOR: So who killed him?
MENZIES: This other fella appeared from nowhere, they had a scrap and the other one hacked him down.
DOCTOR: And what happened to this assailant, this other fella?
MENZIES: Gone. Never got a chance to thank him. So what do we do?
DOCTOR: Hope there aren't any more of them.

CHARLEY: I wish you could be more specific.

KELSA: I might be able to once the dampening medication wears off, though I'm not especially inclined to, given how painful that was.

CHARLEY: Sorry. Could you, though?

KELSA: Only if you tell him about this. You can't just hope he'll get a whack on the head and forget all about you. No offence, but this is too big for you to handle.

CHARLEY: I can't tell him everything. That'll only make it worse.

KELSA: You don't seem to realise how much the time-line hates you being here. If it was a cat it would be hissing at you right now. If you won't tell him, I will.

DOCTOR: So who were those chaps who turned up to collect the body?

MENZIES: Some fellas who've got matter converter capability. No questions asked.

DOCTOR: Quite the network you've got going here.

MENZIES: Just wish I got paid for it.

DOCTOR: Hmph.

MENZIES: I can't file reports on most of this stuff, so I've got to work overtime to make any progress on my actual cases.

DOCTOR: I'm sure your good deeds will find their reward.

MENZIES: I'm not. I didn't have you down as a Buddhist.

DOCTOR: Ah. I just meant that you may make some useful friends. One day they might be able to do *you* a favour.

MENZIES: Mmm. So, how are you getting along with your own detective work?

DOCTOR: Thought you'd never ask.

MENZIES: So did I, but there was a danger of an uncomfortable silence developing.

DOCTOR: Very well, actually. I've traced it back to a patron of a Japanese restaurant called Takeshi's.

MENZIES: I've been there.

DOCTOR: Oh.

MENZIES: They do very good teppanyaki. So how did you manage that?

DOCTOR: I cross-referenced the ticket machine's data with the CCTV footage to work out who put the coin into the machine in the first place. Followed him back to a newsagent, where the security cameras were close enough to be very mildly disrupted by the energy given off by the coin.

MENZIES: What energy?

DOCTOR: Temporal potential energy. Anything that's been displaced in time exerts a mild pull back to its own time, but not enough to physically draw it there. It's very faint. So anyway, I checked that footage and the coin was brought there by a waitress at Takeshi's who in turn received it as a tip from a woman who dined there the night before.

MENZIES: Bravo. And who was this woman?

DOCTOR: That's what I intend to investigate next. Oh, could you drop me here? The Tardis is just round the corner. I need to pick some things up.

MENZIES: Your ship? Why didn't you park it nearer the station?

DOCTOR: Well, the police tend to take a keen interest in unfamiliar objects with the word Police written on them, so I prefer to keep the Tardis away from their attention.

MENZIES: Fair point. I'm off to pick Charley up.

DOCTOR: Oh, I was wondering where she was. Where, where is she?

MENZIES: Oh, I, I've just left her chatting with a... a colleague. I'll see you back at the station.

DOCTOR: Oh, yeah, yeah.

MENZIES: Right.

DOCTOR: Oh. What's that?

(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR: Oh. Now, why have you put the Hostile Action Displacement System on standby, old girl? There's nothing going on. See? Now, I need to find a Type Seven Enhancer plug-in for my etheric beam locator, and a nice warm scarf.

MENZIES: Oh my God. Charley. Charley!

CHARLEY: Oh, thank Heaven you're here.

MENZIES: What happened to Kelsa? He's dead.

CHARLEY: He said he heard someone moving around outside. He went to see, and... I just heard a noise. When I got here he'd fallen down the stairs. He must have fallen two flights.

MENZIES: He's fallen hard. I'm not sure this was an accident.

CHARLEY: You think maybe the person he heard outside did this?

MENZIES: Depends whether there *was* a person outside.

CHARLEY: What?

MENZIES: Why didn't you call me when this happened?

CHARLEY: It literally just happened a minute ago.

MENZIES: Yet I haven't seen any evidence of this other person. You're the only one 'ere.

CHARLEY: You're saying I pushed him?

MENZIES: No. But I might well do. He knew something you desperately didn't want the Doctor to know.

CHARLEY: Is that a good enough reason to kill him?

MENZIES: It could be. It's all relative, isn't it? Just to be on the safe side, Charlotte Pollard, I'm arresting you on suspicion of the murder of Kelsa McArthur. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you'll later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

CHARLEY: Oh no!

DOCTOR: Ah yes, that's much warmer.

(Tardis door closes.)

TABBALAC: Where is the traitor?

DOCTOR: Oh. Hello.

TABBALAC: Where is the traitor? Is he inside?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid I don't know what you mean. If you could lower your weapon. It's rather unnerving.

TABBALAC: Hand over your ship to me or I'll use the unnerving weapon to kill you.

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: Look, I'll be happy to cooperate if you could just give me a more, ahem, comprehensive explanation of your...

CYROX: Stop your hostility towards this creature.

TABBALAC: The creature is harbouring a traitor.

CYROX: Irrelevant. Stand down.

TABBALAC: Arrogance.

(Energy weapons.)

DOCTOR: Ah! Good grief!

CYROX: Are you unharmed?

DOCTOR: Oh yeah, completely. Who are you...?

CYROX: Good.

DOCTOR: Wait! Wait!

POLICEMAN: Where is he?

MENZIES: Top floor stairwell. Forensics are already up there. Seatbelt.

CHARLEY: I don't know how I can prove to you that I didn't do it.

MENZIES: Neither do I, but I'm sure you'll be delighted to know that the burden of proof is on us.

CHARLEY: Look, I just... Oh. This is not me. That back there was just a meaningless horrible accident.

MENZIES: Have you not heard of coming quietly? It may help your defence if you shut up and let me listen to the radio.

(Mobile phone.)

CARMEN: Go on then, update me.

BROOKS [OC]: It's going to be another few hours, I think.

CARMEN: Oh, good.

BROOKS [OC]: Though I do want to get going as soon as possible, when... when it's possible. We've missed appointments in two cities already.

CARMEN: That's fair. I'll see you later.

RADIO DJ: So, best if you can avoid that route. And that's the travel news. You're listening to Drive Time.

MENZIES: Sounds like there's some heavy traffic up ahead. Last minute shoppers. I might go another way.

CHARLEY: I'm in no particular hurry.

MENZIES: We're only a few minutes from the station. I'm going to try a different way. Yeah, this is better.

CHARLEY: Look out!

(Crash! Vehicle drives off.)

CHARLEY: (coughing) Menzies? Menzies, can you hear me? What's that noise?

LISH: Come on. Come with me.

CHARLEY: Who the hell...? Where did you spring from?

LISH: I was in the boot.

CHARLEY: What?

LISH: Come on, we have to get away from here.

CHARLEY: We can't just leave. That's a police officer and she's unconscious. We've got to get help.

LISH: Look, I believe you didn't kill that man up there. She doesn't.
CHARLEY: How do you know about...? What were you doing in the b...?
LISH: I'll help you, but you should come with me now. Look, look, there. She's going to be okay. Come on.
CHARLEY: But ... All right. What's your name?
LISH: Lish.

DOCTOR: Patricia. Are you all right?
MENZIES: (groaning) Doctor.
DOCTOR: We need to get you an ambulance.
MENZIES: Oh, the phone's there.
DOCTOR: Oh, right. Hello? Ambulance, please.
(MENZIES groans.)
DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right. Hello? There's been a car accident in Nova Lane. No, no, I wasn't involved. One person injured. Mild concussion, I think. She's been lucky.
MENZIES: Oh, yeah.
DOCTOR: Uh?
MENZIES: I feel really lucky. Lucky, lucky, lucky.
DOCTOR: Yeah - yes, yes, all right. (call ends) But what happened?
MENZIES: Car just pulled right out in front of me.
DOCTOR: Well, what car?
MENZIES: He's gone. What an absolu...
DOCTOR: Where's Charley?
MENZIES: That's a very good question. She was in the back.
DOCTOR: Why in the back?
MENZIES: Because I'd arrested her on suspicion of murder.
DOCTOR: What? Ridiculous.
MENZIES: Ridiculous? Look...
DOCTOR: No, no, no...
MENZIES: I found her with a body...
DOCTOR: Don't get excited. You may have broken something.

LISH: Come on in. It's safe. The building's derelict.
CHARLEY: Oh, lovely. Now, thank you for all your help, but do you mind terribly if I ask you why?
LISH: I know you didn't kill that geezer. I saw what happened. He fell.
CHARLEY: Thank you for your support. But why didn't you just come out from wherever you were and say that to the police?
LISH: The police have... blamed me for a couple of deaths. But I didn't murder them. I followed you because, well, I didn't want the same thing to happen to you.
CHARLEY: Thank you, I think. What were you doing in the boot of the car?
LISH: I broke in. I was hiding.
CHARLEY: Did you cause the crash?
LISH: What? How could I have done?
CHARLEY: No. No, you're right. So now what do we do?
LISH: I was hoping you could help me. You knew Kelsa?
CHARLEY: Not really. That was the first time we'd ever met.
LISH: Oh. I assumed you knew about... er, well, I mean, clearly I don't look too weird to you.
CHARLEY: No. I'm quite experienced when it comes to aliens. So by my standards you don't look too weird at all. So maybe I *can* help.
LISH: Good. I've been looking for somebody. His name's Kord. But among humans, er, he calls himself Bailey.
CHARLEY: Gregory Bailey?
LISH: Yes! You know him?
CHARLEY: Well, I ran into him earlier this year, about half an hour after he died.
LISH: He's dead?
CHARLEY: Definitely.
LISH: No, no, no!
CHARLEY: So why did you need him?
LISH: Some people are after me. Not just the police, worse. Bailey was the only one in the city who could have helped me.
CHARLEY: Perhaps not the only one. Look, if everything you've told me is true, then I'm sure the Doctor will help you.
LISH: Who's he?
CHARLEY: A very good friend, and a very good man. Unfortunately right now he's working closely with the

police.

LISH: Oh.

CHARLEY: So, we should go back to the Tardis and wait for him there. It's more secure than this place and has the added advantage that it doesn't smell. Okay?

TANNOY: Doctor Snorberry to A and E.

MENZIES: I'm fine.

DOCTOR: That's what people like you always say.

MENZIES: That's because people like me are always fine. You know there's nothing up with me, don't ya? You just don't want me getting after your little mate.

DOCTOR: I admit I find the notion that she's a murderer totally unbelievable.

MENZIES: I came back from our trip out to find a bloke we'd gone to see dead, and Miss Pollard the only one near the body, claiming he fell down the stairs.

DOCTOR: And how do you know he didn't?

MENZIES: I don't, but we'll work on that. And I had a sneaking suspicion she was getting set to flee the scene.

DOCTOR: Oh, this is completely...

MENZIES: Is it?

DOCTOR: Of course it is. I'll vouch for her.

MENZIES: It'd be easier for you to vouch for her if you could help us find her.

DOCTOR: I don't see why I should. I've no idea where she'll be. Oh, by the way. You've got more of the Tabbalac on your hands. I was attacked by one outside the Tardis.

HOSPITAL WORKER: Can I get you anything to drink?

MENZIES: You got any lager?

CHARLEY: It was definitely near here, somewhere well out of the way.

LISH: What does it look like?

CHARLEY: It's a tall blue box. Looks like it's made of wood. I thought it was on this corner. Hmm. No, it's definitely on the next.

LISH: Are you sure about this?

CHARLEY: Yes, it was here, it was definitely... here. It's gone. The Tardis has gone.

DOCTOR: Oh, I thought I told you to stay in the hospital.

MENZIES: And I thought I was a grown-up who was capable of making me own decisions.

DOCTOR: Well, be it on your own head.

MENZIES: It'll very much be on me own head.

DOCTOR: All right, I was just leaving anyway.

MENZIES: Leaving? Where to?

DOCTOR: The coin was left as a tip at Takeshi's by a lady by the name of Carmen Preminger, who had it in her possession when she arrived in this city via a boat in Salford Quays two days ago. Since then she's been staying in Manchester at the Palace Hotel and frequenting various casinos. Mmm hmm. Seems a fair bet to me - pun intended - that she's abusing time travel in order to defraud said establishments.

MENZIES: And what are you going to do about it?

DOCTOR: I'm going to find her, and ask her not to.

MENZIES: Don't you think this is all a little bit trifling considering everything else that's going on?

DOCTOR: No. Well I... I could give you a speech here about the fundamental interconnectedness of all things, but I think it's quite sufficient to note that this matter could be important. And it seems that I am the only one who is interested in it.

MENZIES: Well, I need your help to find Charley. And I can have you on charges of obstructing the course of justice if you don't.

DOCTOR: Oh, how can I possibly help? I don't know where she is, or where she's likely to be. I don't understand this. I mean, what's her motive for this supposed to be?

MENZIES: I was wondering if you had any thoughts on that.

DOCTOR: And what's that supposed to mean?

MENZIES: Er, I'm still putting it all together.

DOCTOR: Well, you can put it all together without me. I'm no longer in need of your facilities, so unless you do intend to waste your own valuable time by charging me with obstruction, Ms Preminger will probably be leaving the Northern Quarter restaurant within the hour, and I need to be there to follow her to whatever casino she's hitting tonight.

MENZIES: All right. But take this phone with you. I might need to get in touch.

DOCTOR: Ah. Yes. Yes. Fine.

(Mobile phone.)

BROOKS [OC]: Hello?

CARMEN: Just calling in for an update.

BROOKS [OC]: We'll be here for a couple of hours yet. Sorry, I can't talk. I'm busy.

CARMEN: Fine. I'll see you later tonight.

(Call ends.)

BARMAN: What can I get you?

CARMEN: I think this gentleman was before me.

DOCTOR: Oh, don't worry, you go first.

CARMEN: How gallant of you. A glass of pinot grigio, please.

DOCTOR: You having much luck tonight?

CARMEN: I've only just arrived. You?

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm just here to meet somebody. I've never been a gambler.

BARMAN: Your wine.

CARMEN: Thank you.

DOCTOR: Good luck.

CARMEN: Thank you.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Oh, could I have a glass of...? Oh. Orange juice. Thank you. Are you psychic?

BARMAN: No. Compliments of the lady in the booth over there.

DOCTOR: Well, I suppose I should go and thank her. Hello there. I just told somebody I was meeting someone here, but I thought I was lying. That's good, though. I don't like lying. How did you find me?

CHARLEY: I've been following you since the restaurant. Is Menzies all right?

DOCTOR: Yes, she's fine. Just a bit dazed with a few bruises. She's back at work, unfortunately for you.

CHARLEY: You have to believe me. I didn't even see it happen. I was still in his flat...

DOCTOR: I do believe you, no need to protest. I just don't know why Menzies is suddenly so suspicious of you.

CHARLEY: No, I can't fathom it either.

DOCTOR: But why did you run? I could have helped you.

CHARLEY: I panicked. The car crashed, and... somebody offered to help me.

DOCTOR: Oh. What kind of somebody?

CHARLEY: A somebody with strange skin and who probably doesn't have Manchester on his birth certificate.

DOCTOR: You should be careful. Are you sure you can trust him?

CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, I suppose I am. There's, I don't know, something about him.

DOCTOR: Hmm?

CHARLEY: Anyway, he said he believed I hadn't killed anybody, but he can't go to the police himself. He's in trouble.

DOCTOR: Ah.

CHARLEY: I told him you'd help him.

DOCTOR: Oh.

CHARLEY: You know, as long as he was telling me the truth.

DOCTOR: Oh yeah.

CHARLEY: We went back to the Tardis, but it's gone.

DOCTOR: What? It was there this afternoon. I was attacked outside it. Oh.

CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: The person who attacked me, a Tabbalac warrior, wanted to be let into the Tardis. I bet they came back for it.

CHARLEY: Well, we have to find it.

DOCTOR: Yes. But we can't do it together. Menzies will be expecting you to have made contact with me. Besides, I've just tracked down the owner of the futuristic money.

CHARLEY: The woman you were talking to at the bar?

DOCTOR: Yes. Now, you should move on, you and your friend. I'll meet you tomorrow at nine o'clock in the Night and Day Café.

CHARLEY: Okay, Doctor. Thank you for believing me.

DOCTOR: Oh, of course. (sotto) Why wouldn't I?

CROUPIER: Round and round it goes. Where will it stop? Ah. Red. Twenty seven.

CARMEN: Thank you.

LISH: Excuse me.

CARMEN: Oh, it's you. Hello.

LISH: Oh. Yeah. Hello. Brooks isn't with you, is he?

CARMEN: No. He's still aboard. Nice to see they're letting you off the ship for a while.

LISH: Yeah. Well, it's nice to be off. Excuse me. I can see my friend looking for me.

(Leaves.)

LISH: What did he say?

CHARLEY: He said we should get out of here.

CARMEN: Deal me in, please.

DOCTOR: Ah. Hello again.

CARMEN: Oh, hello. I thought you said you weren't betting.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm just watching. You go ahead.

PLAYER 1: I'm in.

PLAYER 2: I'm in.

PLAYER 3: I'm in.

DOCTOR: What game is this, then?

CARMEN: Seven card stud. I'm in.

DOCTOR: Oh. So what's your strategy?

CARMEN: I'd rather keep that to myself, if you don't mind.

DOCTOR: Ah.

PLAYER 1: I'm out.

PLAYER 2: I'm in.

PLAYER 3: I'm in.

CARMEN: I'm in.

DOCTOR: So...

CARMEN: Look, I'm sorry, but I am trying to concentrate.

PLAYER 2: I'm out.

PLAYER 3: I'm in.

CARMEN: I'm in.

DOCTOR: Sorry.

CARMEN: That's okay.

PLAYER 3: I'm in.

CARMEN: I'm in.

DOCTOR: Oh, there's a lot of money on this, then.

CARMEN: There is, yes. I'll call.

DOCTOR: Oh, what does that mean?

CARMEN: It means we turn over the cards that are face down. And...

PLAYER 3: Full house. Nines on Queens, Ace High straights.

CARMEN: What?

DOCTOR: Oh dear, did you lose?

CARMEN: I can't have done. You put me off.

DOCTOR: Not on purpose, I assure you.

CARMEN: The House sent you here to stop me winning.

DOCTOR: No, no, I... Whoa!

PLAYER 3: Hey, chill out.

PLAYER 1: Hey.

DOCTOR: Excuse me, there's no need for this.

CARMEN: I'm onto you. You're going to pay me back or else I'll get...

MENZIES: All right. Everybody stay calm.

CARMEN: The police? You're with the local police?

MENZIES: Evening, Doctor. Need a hand up?

DOCTOR: No, no. No thank you, Patricia.

MENZIES: Is this the lady in question?

DOCTOR: Yes, it is.

CARMEN: They cheated me. He rigged the game.

MENZIES: That's enough from you. Take her in.

CARMEN: Let me go.

DOCTOR: It's good of you to come and support me like this.

MENZIES: We weren't. We were acting on a tip-off that our murder suspects were 'ere. Keep looking.

DOCTOR: Oh. Thank you nonetheless.

MENZIES: Well, seeing as how we got your target in custody, I suppose we might as well question her. Come on.

LISH: I don't think we should go back to the pub, Charley.

CHARLEY: Lish, I know a place. It's called Ackley House. I've got a friend there. A couple of friends, in fact.

LISH: It's not near Salford Quays, is it?

CHARLEY: No, why?

LISH: That's where they're trying to take me back to. There's a ship moored in South Bay called The High Straight.

CHARLEY: Lish, that woman you spoke to in the casino, who was she?
LISH: Oh, Carmen? She's one of the residents.
CHARLEY: Residents?
LISH: On board the High Straight. There's a handful of residents there.
CHARLEY: The Doctor was looking for her. He's interested in her recent activities.
LISH: It'd better be very recent. She can't remember anything past, oh, about a year back. Absolutely nothing.
CHARLEY: Really? Well, how come?
(Police siren.)
LISH: Run!
CHARLEY: Not that way, back this way!
LISH: We're blocked in!
CHARLEY: Down here, I saw an alleyway.
POLICEMAN: Hey, stop. You two!
LISH: The gate looks locked.
CHARLEY: It's climbable. Come on. Climb over. Take my hand.
LISH: No, I shouldn't.
CHARLEY: Shouldn't?
POLICEMAN: Come on, give it up.
LISH: Ah, he's got my leg.
CHARLEY: What? Shouldn't you...?
LISH: Go! Just go!
POLICEMAN: Come on.
(Policeman cries out.)
CHARLEY: What happened?
LISH: He, er, he fell. Come on.
CHARLEY: Okay.

CARMEN: Isn't there a special form of words you're supposed to use? And isn't there meant to be a tape recorder? And aren't you meant to offer me a solicitor?
MENZIES: I think we might do this one off the record.
DOCTOR: Miss Preminger, do you know why you're here?
CARMEN: Yes. I physically assaulted and threatened you. Are you an undercover policeman or something?
MENZIES: Er, no. The Doctor's an expert on certain stuff.
DOCTOR: Miss Preminger, I have reason to believe that you are abusing time travel in order to defraud the city's casinos.
MENZIES: And that's why we're not taping this interview.
CARMEN: Are you serious?
DOCTOR: Perfectly.
CARMEN: I don't even know what to say. What drove you to this eccentric conclusion?
DOCTOR: You were in possession of a pound coin which had been minted in the near future. My investigations into your activities indicate that you've been touring the city's casinos for the last two days, and have been very successful indeed. I think you've been here before and watched the roulette wheels.
CARMEN: Nonsense. I win most of my money at poker, and I win because I'm good, not because I'm from the future.
DOCTOR: Well, there's one way to settle this. Uh-huh.
(Whirring.)
CARMEN: What the hell is that?
DOCTOR: Just a device for detecting...
(Noise stops.)
DOCTOR: Oh.
MENZIES: Problem?
DOCTOR: No, no. Hold on, I'll just try turning it off and on again.
CARMEN: Am I obliged to sit through this?
MENZIES: No you're not. Doctor, I think we've embarrassed ourselves enough 'ere.
DOCTOR: I disagree.
MENZIES: Well, you've embarrassed me enough. Maybe you have a higher shame threshold than I do.
CARMEN: Then can I go?
DOCTOR: But...
MENZIES: We're formally cautioning you for duffing up the Doctor, but apart from that, yes.
CARMEN: Thank you.
DOCTOR: But... (Carmen leaves) You're letting her go?
MENZIES: Why not? It's not like she was on the verge of cracking. Face it, you had nothing.

DOCTOR: I can't believe she just flatly denied it.

MENZIES: I can. She's a poker player. What did you want us to do, beat her until she confessed to being from the future? It might not have stood up in court.

DOCTOR: All right, all right, enough sarcasm, please.

MENZIES: Since you asked nicely.

DOCTOR: Huh.

MENZIES: Now, what about helping me find Charley? She was seen going into the same casino you were in. Coincidence?

DOCTOR: I saw her briefly and then she ran off. I'm still none the wiser.

MENZIES: If I find out otherwise I'll have to...

DOCTOR: Well, you won't. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to discreetly follow Miss Preminger in order to gather more evidence.

MENZIES: What? Give it up! There's got to be a point where this turns into stalking.

(The Doctor leaves. Menzies uses the phone.)

MENZIES: The Doctor's leaving in a couple of minutes. Get someone to follow him. And do it properly this time.

CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry, I can't. I just need a minute to...

LISH: Charley, come on. We can't hang about. I'm sure I heard...

CHARLEY: Look, I'm sorry. Just go without me. I'll just lie here and die.

LISH: Come on. I'm not leaving you.

CHARLEY: Oh, I suppose I'm the only one who knows where we're going.

LISH: It's not just that. I, I like you.

CHARLEY: For heaven's sake, we hardly know each other.

LISH: I hardly know anybody.

CHARLEY: I'm not entirely convinced we have time for this. I mean... Oh, and who might you...

(Thump.)

LISH: No!

BOUNCER: Knock him out as well.

(Thump.)

BOUNCER: Pick him up and let's go.

(Phone rings.)

MENZIES: Hello, International House of Pancakes?

POLICEMAN [OC]: What?

MENZIES: Sorry, it's just Patricia Menzies losing her grip on reality. Nothing for you to worry about. What is it?

POLICEMAN [OC]: Er, we've caught her.

MENZIES: Just her, not him?

POLICEMAN [OC]: Just her. She was out cold.

MENZIES: Put her on the phone.

CHARLEY: Hello?

MENZIES [OC]: Hello, Bonnie. What happened to Clyde?

CHARLEY: They took him.

MENZIES [OC]: Who's they?

CHARLEY: Whoever was after him. Two big chaps knocked me out and carried him off. He said before they wanted to take him to Salford Quays.

MENZIES [OC]: Mmm, that rings a bell. All right, I'm going to get down there and see if I can head them off. Are you willing to follow us down there, help us out?

CHARLEY: Yes, all right. From how scared he seemed, I think he'd be better off with you than with them.

MENZIES [OC]: Right.

CHARLEY: Oh, could one of you gallant officers help me up, please?

DOCTOR: Hello?

MENZIES [OC]: Where are ya?

DOCTOR: In a taxi, following another taxi.

MENZIES [OC]: Where are you headed?

DOCTOR: I think we're going towards Salford Quays. I think she's going back to her boat.

MENZIES [OC]: I'm on my way there too.

DOCTOR: Oh.

MENZIES [OC]: Is our man still following you?

DOCTOR: Oh no, I shook him off after about ten minutes.

MENZIES [OC]: Shame. Our murder suspect's being taken there.

DOCTOR: What?

MENZIES [OC]: Keep an eye out.

BROOKS: Have you got Lish?

BOUNCER: Yeah. He's out cold in the back.

BOUNCER 2: Hey!

BROOKS: What's going on?

BOUNCER: He's getting away.

BOUNCER 2: You left the door unlocked.

BROOKS: Out cold, is he?

BOUNCER: He was.

BROOKS: Stop arguing about it and get after him. Now!

(Car arrives. Mobile phone.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes?

MENZIES: Are you 'ere yet?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. But we lost Carmen in the traffic. I'm trying to find the boat.

MENZIES: We've tracked it down on CCTV. It's at South Bay.

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah.

MENZIES: Keep in touch. I've got another call coming in.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yeah.

POLICEMAN [OC]: DI Menzies?

MENZIES: Yep, I'm 'ere. Where are you?

POLICEMAN [OC]: South Bay. We can see the boat across the quay from 'ere. There was some shady guys around a minute ago, don't know where they are... urgh!

MENZIES: Hello? Hello?

BROOKS [OC]: Look, I've got no beef with the police, but please - pretty please - just stay out of this. No, leave the girl, she's not important.

CARMEN: Hello. You seem to be in a hurry.

CHARLEY: Are you waiting to board this boat?

CARMEN: Yes. I was just waiting for the owner, but he doesn't seem to be here.

CHARLEY: Hang on. It's Carmen, isn't it?

CARMEN: Yes.

CHARLEY: It's Charley. Charlotte Pollard. We met here about, I don't know, must be at least a year ago.

CARMEN: Oh. Yes. Of course. How are you?

CHARLEY: Super. I've been meaning to take another ride out for ages. I'm so glad we're going to get a chance to catch up.

BOUNCER: Are you ladies waiting to board?

CHARLEY + CARMEN: Yes.

BOUNCER: Have you got an invitation, Miss?

CHARLEY: Oh, I'm with her.

CARMEN: Er yes. That's correct.

LISH: Who's there? Charley? Ah!

MENZIES: Got ya!

LISH: Are you the police? Are you arresting me?

MENZIES: Yep.

LISH: Okay. Okay, but hurry. Take me in and lock me up. I can't...

BROOKS: (distant) There he is.

LISH: That's them. Quick.

MENZIES: Who? All right, gents. I don't know who you think you are, but I'm a police officer. Now, I'm just going to show you me warrant...

(Thump, thud.)

LISH: Mister Brooks. Please. I...

(Thump, thud.)

BROOKS: Good. Now, for pity's sake let's get him aboard before he wakes up again.

BOUNCER: What about the woman he's handcuffed to? I can't see any keys.

BROOKS: Oh, just bring her as well. We'll deal with that later.

DOCTOR: Are you all right?

POLICEMAN: Got clubbed round the head by these big fellas. Oh, and the girl's gone.

DOCTOR: Charley?

POLICEMAN: I saw her running for the boat. That boat there.

DOCTOR: Come on. She may need our help.

BROOKS: Ah, there you are. I was just about to call you.

CARMEN: I decided to finish early tonight.

BROOKS: Really? It'll all be kicking off again in about twenty minutes. Rio here we come.

CARMEN: Really? Oh. Well, I'm sure I can rally round.

BROOKS: Hmm. Well, I hope you enjoyed Manchester. Think we might be steering clear of it for quite a while after this.

CARMEN: What have you got in those huge sacks, incidentally?

BROOKS: Ice. The ice-maker in the bar's on the blink.

CARMEN: I see. Well, I'd better get changed, hadn't I?

BROOKS: You look lovely as you are. Boys?

BOUNCER: Sir.

BOUNCER 2: Sir, aye, sir.

(The men leave.)

CARMEN: That was Mister Brooks. We're heading for Rio.

CHARLEY: Oh, sounds super. Thank you for letting me use your cabin to get myself fixed up. The rain made a terrible mess of my hair.

CARMEN: Don't mention it.

(Rumbling.)

CHARLEY: What's that?

CARMEN: Oh, just the engines warming up.

DOCTOR: What's that noise?

POLICEMAN: The CCTV monitors say the suspect is definitely on the boat.

DOCTOR: Sounds a lot like ... No. It's impossible. Some sort of warp...

(Whoosh!)

DOCTOR: Engine?

POLICEMAN: Where's it gone?

DOCTOR: Anywhere. Anywhere at all. And it's taken Charley with it.

[Part Three]

CARMEN: We're here.

CHARLEY: Rio de Janeiro?

CARMEN: Yes. Quite a likeable place, if you stick to the right parts. Have you ever been?

CHARLEY: No. But I remember reading about the statue being built. Amazing.

CARMEN: Everything'll be getting started soon.

CHARLEY: Everything?

POLICEMAN: Where are we going?

DOCTOR: Well, I'm going to try to find the Tardis. You appear to be following me, for reasons best known to yourselves.

POLICEMAN 2: But what happened to that boat? Was it like an illusion or something?

DOCTOR: Would you like it to be?

POLICEMAN: Yeah. I would actually.

POLICEMAN 2: Me too. That'd be lovely.

DOCTOR: Fine. That's what it was. (transmat) Oh dear. I don't like the sound of that.

TABBALAC: Where is the ship? Where did it go?

POLICEMEN 2: Er...

DOCTOR: Do you need a different explanation for these, or will illusions do for them too?

MENZIES: Ow. Have I gone blind, or is it just really dark in here?

LISH: Either it's dark or I've gone blind as well.

MENZIES: The chances of us both having gone blind are surely very small. Any idea where we are?

LISH: Yeah, unfortunately.

MENZIES: Care to share?

LISH: I think we're on a boat called The High Straights. (*sic*) It's a floating casino. This is where I live. Well, it's where I used to live. Now it seems it's where I get locked up in the dark.

MENZIES: Then why did they see fit to bring me along, do you think?

LISH: Don't know. Maybe they couldn't get the handcuffs off. The bouncers can be a bit dense.

MENZIES: Bouncers?

LISH: The guys who were after me.

MENZIES: It doesn't look like we're going anywhere, so I suggest we play a fun little game I know, very popular in the Police. It's called explaining things properly.

DOCTOR: Thank you for letting the policemen go. That was very reasonable of you.

TABBALAC: They were not important, but we think you are.

DOCTOR: Me?

TABBALAC 2: You act as if you are important.

DOCTOR: Well, I suppose it can be difficult to hide. But I'm afraid I don't know where that boat went.

TABBALAC: You are the pilot of the other ship, the blue box.

DOCTOR: I thought you'd made off with that.

TABBALAC: We have spent recent hours trying to get in.

DOCTOR: By which I expect you mean you've been hitting it and shouting at it. Why so interested, though?

TABBALAC 2: We detected its arrival and believed it might be the ship we are pursuing. Its pattern of materialisation is similar.

DOCTOR: Ah yes, you're noted for your advanced matter transmission technology, as I recall.

TABBALAC: Yes?

LEADER [OC]: Success. The ship has been located.

DOCTOR: How marvellous for you. I expect you'll be wanting to get on your way, and you'll have no further use for my ship either.

TABBALAC 2: You will pilot your ship for us.

DOCTOR: Don't you have your own?

TABBALAC: The ship we are tracking has defences against us. We cannot get inside. But you may.

DOCTOR: And what if I disagree?

TABBALAC 2: We will totally destroy this city.

DOCTOR: Oh. Very well. Where's the Tardis?

CHARLEY: Gosh, look at all this.

CARMEN: I thought you'd been here before.

CHARLEY: Yes, it's just been a while. So you live here?

CARMEN: Yes. I suppose that would have been *after* we met.

CHARLEY: So where do you get the money from to play with?

CARMEN: I play to get the money to play with.

CHARLEY: Oh, right. I forget, what's your game?

CARMEN: Roulette. Or craps, for fun. Poker's serious. I like a little blackjack, but the return's never good. What are you looking to do?

CHARLEY: Oh, I'm not much of a player. I just like to watch.

CARMEN: And get rich men to buy you pretty things.

CHARLEY: Yes, certainly.

CARMEN: Very wise. The biggest winner here is the House because they never lose. The second biggest winners are the people like me, who live and breathe it. If we're winning, somebody else has to be losing. Which is what happens to the rest of you.

LISH: The casino hops from place to place, planet to planet, instantaneously. Wherever it goes, it's always night, which means it's always full.

MENZIES: And people come here - ordinary everyday human people - and nobody finds this odd?

LISH: The clientele is pretty exclusive. They're careful about who they tell, who they invite.

MENZIES: So why exactly did it come to Salford?

LISH: Oh, Brooks heard about the super-casino they were planning on building in Manchester. He managed to get the project shut down, and swooped on the market.

MENZIES: Who's Brooks?

LISH: Brooks runs this place. I work here as a cooler.

MENZIES: What? So he gets you to break other gamblers' winning streaks? Isn't that just some rubbish the gamblers come out with when they should have quit when they were ahead?

LISH: Maybe it is here. but on my planet we affect our immediate environment. We can't help it. We can focus it, but we can't really stop it happening. Different people affect the world in different ways. I cause bad luck. They call me The Raincloud Man. Stand near me, and...

MENZIES: You get wet. Hang on. Those weird murders.

LISH: Yeah. Yeah, they weren't murders. They were just my bad luck. People falling over and breaking their necks.

MENZIES: Or crashing into mirrors. My God.

LISH: But I knew you'd never believe that.

MENZIES: I might have done, if you'd explained.

LISH: I've got this disease. It's hard to explain. But the upshot is, I can't control my condition. It's been getting worse and worse. My bad luck just spills out. I can shield one or two people at once, and even that takes like a massive effort. There's a device on board this ship which dampens it, and keeps it in check, but when I leave, that's when people start getting hurt, and dying.

MENZIES: In bizarre and undignified ways. Was Kelsa your doing?

LISH: I'm afraid so.

MENZIES: So why did you leave the ship?

LISH: Brooks has... plans for his Raincloud Man.

LEADER: Your ship, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What? Is it? What in the world have you done to it?

LEADER: We covered it in a sentient sludge which attempted to learn its properties.

DOCTOR: Well, you could have cleaned it off.

LEADER: Vishti, return.

(Squelching.)

DOCTOR: Oh. Oh God. Thank you. I only hope it hasn't left a stain.

LEADER: Your remarks are...

(Transmat.)

DOCTOR: Are you expecting reinforcements?

TABBALAC: Cyrox attacking.

DOCTOR: Good grief. Them again.

LEADER: Open fire. (shots fired) Hold them at bay. Open your ship immediately or I'll kill you now.

DOCTOR: But don't you need me?

LEADER: Not that much.

DOCTOR: Oh, all right.

TABBALAC: They're dead.

DOCTOR: Oh no, not more death.

LEADER: Good fighting. Close the doors before more of them get here.

(Tardis doors closes.)

LEADER: Casualties sustained?

TABBALAC: Three. Should we not abandon the mission?

LEADER: Of course not.

TABBALAC: But we cannot...

LEADER: The cost is worth it if we can catch the traitor. Don't you understand? If we fail then we may all die anyway. Now, give him the coordinates of the ship.

(Knock on door.)

BROOKS: Yeah?

(Door opens.)

BOUNCER: The Cyrox contingent.

BROOKS: They're here? Well, send them in. And get our prettiest waitress to bring up a bottle of our most expensive champagne.

BOUNCER: Which is the prettiest?

BROOKS: You've got no aesthetic sense at all, have you?

BOUNCER: No.

BROOKS: Tina.

BOUNCER: Er...

BROOKS: The redhead. (sighs) They'll like her.

BOUNCER: Yes. This way.

BROOKS: Ah, gentlemen.

CYROX: Is everything ready?

BROOKS: Yes, yes. Please, sit down, and enjoy a drink.

CHARLEY: What's that room through there?

CARMEN: Ah. Now, that's not really for amateurs. Come on. It looks like there's a game on.

CARMEN: We're in luck. They don't usually play games here so early in the evening. It's the High Stakes table.

CHARLEY: What games do they play here?

CARMEN: Anything you like. If you're willing to put up the kind of stakes needed to play here, the least they can do is let you choose your game.

GAMBLER: Twenty four, black.
CROUPIER: No more bets, please.
CHARLEY: What kind of stakes?
(Roulette wheel spins.)
CARMEN: Abstract ones. You can bet your past or your future, your skills or your passion, your emotions, or your life.
CHARLEY: And people really do that?
CARMEN: Yes. Yes, they do.
CHARLEY: Why?
CARMEN: Generally one of two reasons. One, because the House has something they desperately want and can't get any other way. Two, because they're in so much debt to the House that they don't have any other choice.
GAMBLER: Oh, come on.
CROUPIER: Fourteen, red.
GAMBLER: (now old) Could... could someone help me up, please?
CARMEN: There you are. He gambled away his youth.
CHARLEY: Who would do something like that? Take it that far, I mean?
CARMEN: I would. I did, nearly a year ago now.
CHARLEY: Did you win?
CARMEN: No.
CHARLEY: So what did you lose?
CARMEN: I can't remember. Whatever deal I made, that was part of it. I can't remember anything about my life before I came to live here. To be honest, I can't remember you. But I'm not sure you really know me anyway.
CHARLEY: No.
CARMEN: So what do you want from me?
CHARLEY: Nothing, I just wanted to get on the ship.
CARMEN: Come on. Most of our residents started living here after they played on that table.
CHARLEY: Because they've forgotten their old lives?
CARMEN: Some of them have. Others got near the end of their lives, played for more time, but didn't want to go home if they won. So they live here now. If you see anybody who doesn't seem to belong in the now, that's probably why.
OLD MAN: Good evening, ladies.
CHARLEY: Was he...?
CARMEN: Yes. Of course he was.

MENZIES: So what do they keep in here? It's not exactly built for its present purposes.
LISH: Winnings.
MENZIES: Really? It's probably not that wise to lock us up in here, then.
LISH: Oh, there's nothing in here you could steal. It's the... winnings from the High Stakes table.
MENZIES: What's that?
LISH: It's in a side room upstairs, they...
(Door opens.)
BOUNCER: Come on, then. Let's get to work on these handcuffs.

LEADER: Have we arrived?
DOCTOR: Not yet.
LEADER: Have we arrived now?
DOCTOR: No.
LEADER: Oh! Our travel units are instantaneous.
DOCTOR: Then I doubt they're as elegant as my Tardis. You can't just go crashing in and out of reality. You have to treat it with respect.
LEADER: We've waited long enough.
DOCTOR: What do you want me to do, hand around complimentary teas and coffees?
LEADER: Just tell me how...
(The Tardis materialises.)
LEADER: It - it's making that noise again.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know. Sheer poetry.
LEADER: Are we arriving on board the boat?
DOCTOR: Ooo, slap bang in the middle.

(Tardis materialising.)
CHARLEY: It is, you know, it is.

CARMEN: What?
CHARLEY: A very good friend of mine.
(Tardis door opens. Gasps.)
LEADER: The traitor will be surrendered to us.
CHARLEY: Oh. I wasn't expecting that.
CARMEN: So that isn't your friend?
LEADER: The traitor will come forward, or we'll start killing your guests.
CHARLEY: What now?
CARMEN: We should get out of here. Behind you, the doors.
LEADER: Close the doors! Nobody leaves.
(Doors close.)
TABBALAC: Area secured.
LEADER: All of you will stay here where you can be useful.
CARMEN: Right. Plan B, then.
CHARLEY: Look, there's the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah! So, how are you getting on?

BROOKS: Thank you, Tina. Lovely. Please, take a glass, everybody.
BOUNCER 2: Thank you very much.
BROOKS: Not you.
BOUNCER 2: Oh, sorry, sir.
CYROX: Thank you.
(Communicator signal.)
BOUNCER 2: Er, excuse me. Hello, yes, what is it?
BROOKS: You've probably not had this before. It's a traditional celebratory drink round these parts, and it's customary to raise a toast with it. So, to victory.
CYROXES: To victory.
BOUNCER 2: Sir, Mister Brooks.
BROOKS: What is it now?
BOUNCER 2: Er... it's bad.

BOUNCER: For what it's worth, Mister Lish, I'm sorry to see you go.
LISH: Cheers.
MENZIES: Where's he going? You never told me.
BROOKS [OC]: Number Four?
BOUNCER: I'm nearly done. Give me a minute.
BROOKS [OC]: I can't give you a minute, we're being attacked.
BOUNCER: Oh, but what about...?
BROOKS [OC]: Listen, lock the door. We shall all be dead if we don't deal with this ASAP.
BOUNCER: Er, okay.
(Rushes over to the door.)
BOUNCER: Stay there, right?
(Door closes.)
MENZIES: Yeah, right.
LISH: Do you reckon we can get through that door?
MENZIES: Yeah. I reckon he forgot to lock it.

LEADER [OC]: Where shall we start?
BROOKS: How long do you think we'll have to wait?
CYROX: Not long.
BROOKS: They're going to start killing my guests. Any second now. Isn't there some way you can hurry this up?
CYROX: The energy is building. It will happen soon.
LEADER [OC]: Five, four...

LEADER: Three, two...
DOCTOR: No!
LEADER: One, zero.
(A woman screams, weapon fired.)
DOCTOR: That was unnecessary. You don't even know if the person you're looking for is here!
LEADER: We are ready to talk whenever they are.
CHARLEY: I knew the Doctor would be here. We've got to get to him.
CARMEN: Just checking. He's the chap in blue, isn't he?

CHARLEY: Yeah.

CARMEN: Are you drunk? The Doctor is standing rather too close to the aggressive aliens for my tastes. Besides, he hauled me into the police station with some insane theory that I was a time traveller, so I'm hardly inclined to think that he's the very person to deal with our present situation.

CHARLEY: That's your prerogative, but seeing as you're wrong, perhaps you'd like to shut up.

CARMEN: Now, look here...

LEADER: Quiet you two, or I... (transmat) Cyrox.

CYROX: Stand down. Stop threatening these people.

CARMEN: Who are they?

CHARLEY: No idea, but I'm optimistic they're the good guys.

LEADER: We can kill them, if you'd prefer.

CYROX: Then we have no choice.

(Energy weapons fired, screams.)

DOCTOR: Everybody, take cover!

CARMEN: Come on, there's a door opening on this side.

CHARLEY: But I have to reach the Doctor.

CARMEN: I'm sure he can look after himself. Come on!

DOCTOR: Please! Don't panic! Just proceed to the nearest alternative exit. I promise I will do everything in my power to resolve this situation... Ah! Ow!

BOUNCER: Oi, you.

DOCTOR: Ow. Would you mind letting go of my arm?

BOUNCER 2: You are the one who brought those other ones here.

DOCTOR: Well, eloquently put, but I assure you it was under duress. Wasn't my choice to do s... Ow!

BOUNCER: I think Mister Brooks will want to speak to you.

DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Yes, I'll want to speak to him too.

BOUNCER 2: Well, that's all very tidy, then.

DOCTOR: This arm is supposed to match the other one, you know. Ow!

CHARLEY: I don't suppose you've got any weapons or anything stashed in your cupboard?

CARMEN: Afraid not. I must say my plan was more just to jump overboard.

CHARLEY: Oh, suit yourself. I'm staying behind to help. The Doctor may need me.

CARMEN: Very noble. So you're a friend of his?

CHARLEY: Yes.

CARMEN: Does he often make bizarre unfounded accusations like telling people they're from the future?

CHARLEY: Sometimes, and he's almost always right.

CYROX: The battle's going well, and most of your guests are escaping the ship.

BROOKS: Well, that's a relief.

CYROX: There shouldn't be a need for further reinforcements.

BROOKS: See if you can capture their leader. I want to talk to him.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Would you let...? Ah!

BOUNCER 1: There you are, Mister Brooks.

DOCTOR: Ow...

BOUNCER 1: Special delivery.

DOCTOR: Ah!

BROOKS: Ah. Thanks, Two.

DOCTOR: Oh! How many of those cloned bouncers do you have?

BROOKS: As many as I need. More importantly, who are you and why have you brought literally the worst people in the entire universe onto my boat?

DOCTOR: Ah, you're a fan of hyperbole, I see.

BROOKS: No. That's just my honest opinion.

DOCTOR: Ah.

BROOKS: And I feel particularly entitled to express it because they are my people!

DOCTOR: You're a Tabbalac?

MENZIES: Everybody else seems very much to be going the other way.

LISH: We should try to get out of here.

MENZIES: Hang about. If you leave this ship, won't you end up causing accidents again?

LISH: Probably, but...

MENZIES: Yeah, well, I can't let that happen to the people of my city.

LISH: We're not in your city any more.

MENZIES: Where are we?

LISH: Rio, I think.

MENZIES: Really? Well, I can't let it happen to the people of that city either. I've seen City Of God. They've got it tough enough without your raincloud hanging over them.

LISH: So what do you suggest?

MENZIES: Let's, let's duck in one of these rooms for a minute. We might be able to hear ourselves think. (Door closes.)

MENZIES: Haven't you ever tried to find this dampening device and take it with ya?

LISH: No, Brooks could have easily shut it down remotely. Besides, I was always happy here - until now.

MENZIES: What has Brooks got in store for you?

LISH: I'm being handed over to the Cyrox.

MENZIES: And who are they?

LISH: The mortal enemies of the Tabbalac.

MENZIES: Who are...?

LISH: Brooks' own people. He poses as a human for the purposes of the casino, but... he's not.

MENZIES: Yeah. There's a lot of that about these days. Go on.

LISH: Brooks is a technical genius. He designed this boat's warp engine, the High Stakes table and more. But everything he makes his government wants to use for killing. So about two hundred years ago he built this boat and escaped to Earth, kept moving around so they wouldn't find him. He's broadened his circle since then, goes to several of the inhabited worlds near here.

MENZIES: And that's where you met him.

LISH: Yeah. Down on my luck.

MENZIES: Ironically enough.

LISH: Like I say, I was okay working here. All I had to do was hang around pretending to be one of the regulars and influence anybody who got too lucky. But he's selling me out, giving me to the Cyrox. They want to put me down on the Tabbalac homeworld.

MENZIES: Let your condition run riot, destroy the place, right?

LISH: Yes.

MENZIES: But you'd be all right, wouldn't ya?

LISH: I don't know. But even if I was, they want to use me to destroy an entire race. Could you do that?

MENZIES: It's not something I've ever given much thought, to be honest with you, pal. Why have you been keeping quiet about this, though?

LISH: I thought you might think I was being selfish. I mean, I could stop this war, end all the suffering. I thought you might just hand me over to Brooks.

MENZIES: Yeah. No. The whole human bomb aspect of it doesn't sit well with me. I'm sure the Doctor will help. Let's get your widget, get out of here, and find him.

DOCTOR: I didn't want to bring them here, genuinely. They threatened to wreak havoc in Manchester if I didn't help them get aboard your ship.

BROOKS: Hmm. I suppose they'd probably have found a way around the barriers eventually. Thankfully they seem to have been quelled.

DOCTOR: Good.

BROOKS: At a cost.

DOCTOR: Seems the innocent are being caught in the crossfire of your little war. Which brings me to the Cyrox.

CYROX: What about us?

DOCTOR: Well, if you'll forgive me for saying so, there's something... odd about you. You don't look like you evolved at all, but you don't exactly look designed either.

CYROX: Ah.

DOCTOR: Added to that, I've heard of the Tabbalac. I've crossed their paths once or twice, but apparently, you're their mortal enemies, and again forgive me, but I've never heard of you.

BROOKS: Most people haven't. But these days most people haven't heard of us either.

DOCTOR: No, I gathered you'd been quiet recently. I wondered whether the neighbouring worlds had finally decided to gang up on you.

BROOKS: Ah. They did. But they chose not to blow us out of the sky. That wasn't their style.

DOCTOR: By any chance, did their decision to take action coincide with the appearance of the Cyrox?

BROOKS: Very sharp, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yeah.

BROOKS: They let us live on our planet in peace if we wanted to. That was fine. We could even go off-world, anywhere we liked, as long as our intentions were peaceful. But if we set out to conquer in our own inimitable fashion, we would instantly be confronted by the Cyrox.

DOCTOR: Everywhere?

CYROX: Everywhere.

DOCTOR: Ah, a race equal and opposite to the Tabbalac. That's why you look and act like you do. The Tabbalac have been infected with a neurosis that created you.

BROOKS: Exactly.

DOCTOR: Ah.

BROOKS: It's a kind of hyper-intelligent virus, and it goes on creating Cyrox as and when they're needed. A race we would instinctively hate, but who could always hold us off.

DOCTOR: So the Cyrox always win?

CYROX: No. The chances of winning are even.

BROOKS: But the catch is, there are always more of them. It's kept my people busy for many, many years now.

DOCTOR: Ah ha.

CYROX: Excuse us. Some of our comrades have fallen. We need to honour the dead.

BROOKS: Yes, of course.

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: The energy required to just spontaneously generate troops like that...

BROOKS: I know. I don't know where it comes from, but it never runs out.

DOCTOR: It's an extraordinary piece of viral engineering. Whoever came up with this, the Tabbalac must really have tangled with the wrong people at some point.

BROOKS: Yes. We're lucky this is all they did. Blatantly they could have done more. We deserved more too.

DOCTOR: But if the Tabbalac know this, why keep fighting?

BROOKS: The leaders have been told about the virus by me and by others, but they don't believe it. I don't think they want to.

DOCTOR: Why not?

BROOKS: Because the alternative would be to stop fighting, and then they'd have to work out what they were going to do instead.

MENZIES: Look at all this junk. It's like a mad professor's workshop.

LISH: Brooks is always working on stuff. I don't think he always finishes it, though.

MENZIES: I'm er, I'm working on the perhaps foolish assumption that you know what this thing looks like?

LISH: Of course I do, but even if we do find it I'm not sure your friend will be able to do anything to stop Brooks shutting it down.

MENZIES: Oh, I am. The Doctor's er, good with stuff like that.

LISH: I'm serious. Brooks isn't just good with stuff, he's a genius.

MENZIES: I'll - see your genius and I'll raise you a super-genius. Hey, maybe we should have some sort of a genius-off to establish this once and for all.

LISH: This is it.

MENZIES: Nice one. Well, let's er, go and see the sights of Rio, shall we?

CARMEN: What are you doing?

CHARLEY: Being curious. What's in here?

CARMEN: There are just my things. Look, do you mind?

CHARLEY: Clothes. Huh. Some pretty outré designs here. How long have you had them?

CARMEN: I can't remember.

CHARLEY Hmm, books. First published 2018, reprinted 2020. Interesting. What's this?

CARMEN: A make-up brush.

CHARLEY: But... it's got a computer in it. Carmen, these things are from the future. Haven't you ever thought about that?

CARMEN: I... I don't know.

CHARLEY: Then why did you dismiss the idea that you're a time traveller so easily? Time travel is possible. The Doctor and I do it, and you've no better idea of who you are than anybody else.

CARMEN: The pound coin. I found a pound coin in the bottom of my handbag. It must have been there...

CHARLEY: Since before you played at the table. Before you lost who you were.

MENZIES: Oh, right. Can we jump? Are we close enough?

LISH: No need. There's a mooring rope here. It shouldn't be too hard to... Uh-oh.

(Transmat.)

LISH: No, they must have got reinforcements in.

LEADER: Surrender the traitor.

MENZIES: Er... we haven't got the traitor.

(Weapons fired.)

LISH: Get down!

DOCTOR: I take it then that you left your people behind?

BROOKS: Yeah. Unfortunately they came back to get me as you can see.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid you can't stay here, not if your presence is going to endanger the people of Earth.
BROOKS: Huh. Not in my back yard, eh?
DOCTOR: I'd say the same if it were anywhere. Can't you hide somewhere where you're not endangering others?
BROOKS: I need the revenue from my business to fund my research.
DOCTOR: Not that I entirely approve of your business.
BROOKS: What? Compared to what the rulers of my people busy themselves with?
DOCTOR: It's all relative admittedly, but I'm still... Anyway, you don't deny that you're endangering the people of Earth.
BROOKS: It won't be for long. I've got a plan to sort the Tabbalac for good.
DOCTOR: Oh. And what exac...?
(A communicator signal.)
BOUNCER [OC]: Mister Brooks. Mister Brooks!
BROOKS: What is it?
BOUNCER [OC]: Everywhere. In the sky, all around!
BROOKS: What?
BOUNCER [OC]: The Tabbalac. They've sent reinforcements.
DOCTOR: That plan of yours, Mister Brooks?
BROOKS: We'll sit tight. They can't get in, and the Cyrox will take care of them.
DOCTOR: Yes, but will there be a city left when they're done?

LEADER: Surrender the traitor, or next time we'll finish you.
MENZIES: What do we do?
LISH: Just wait.
MENZIES: For what?
(Transmat.)
LISH: For that.
CYROX: Stand down.
LEADER: Attack.
(Energy weapons firing.)
MENZIES: Now what? Maybe we should get inside while they're distracted.
LISH: Yeah, let's go. Damn, I've dropped the...
MENZIES: Look out!
(Laser shots, boom!)

[Part Four]

(Reverse boom.)
MENZIES: (coughs) Lish? Where are ya? Are you all right?
LISH: (groans) I think so. What happened?
CYROX: We've contained the explosion. Come back inside the ship. Hurry.
MENZIES: Come on.
(Door closes.)
CYROX: Take cover.
(Boom.)

BROOKS: We need more power to the defence shields.
BOUNCER [OC]: Yes, Chief.
DOCTOR: More accurately, we need to stop this getting out of hand.
BROOKS: Oh, this is nothing. I've lived with this stupid war all my life. Do you think you can stop it in an evening?
DOCTOR: As a matter of fact, I think I can. At the very least, I'm going to try. Excuse me.
BROOKS: Please yourself. I'm going to try and get us out of here. Engine room? Why can't I hear the engines revving?
BOUNCER [OC]: I can't get more than two of the chambers to charge at once.
BROOKS: What? They've sabotaged our fuel supply. We can't hop out.

DOCTOR: Good grief. What a mess.
CYROX: This was a relatively clean battle.
DOCTOR: Tell me about this war.
CYROX: Our war?
DOCTOR: Yes. I think it's gone on long enough and I've got a mind to put a stop to it.

CYROX: The war won't be over until the Tabbalac change their ways.
DOCTOR: Right, good, that's a start. So, how do we go about that?
CYROX: It's impossible. They've had every chance to change. They never do. They never learn.
DOCTOR: Mister Brooks managed it.
CYROX: He's a rare exception.
DOCTOR: Mmm?
CYROX: You must understand. They're at war with us because they want to be. We simply stand between them and more pointless wars. They've got a choice. We haven't.
DOCTOR: No, I know. I'm astonished by the technology that created you but, but I'm not exactly comfortable with the creation of sentient creatures for war, even an entirely defensive war.
CYROX: We don't want to fight. But the moment we're created we find ourselves confronted by them. What else can we do? The ones who are lucky enough to survive must keep watching the enemy so that when the next one of us is created, we'll be there to protect them.
DOCTOR: As I say, I'm sorry. I agree, you should have a chance to define your own purpose, but I gather your plan is to use that poor fellow Lish to throw their planet into fatal chaos. Isn't there another way?
CYROX: None that we can see. We've literally never known anything but war. We've never had a chance to do anything else. We have no history, we have no culture, we have no names. Our only way out is to win.
DOCTOR: (sighs) Then I will win for you.

CHARLEY: Menzies.
MENZIES: Oh, Charley. You'll be pleased to learn you're no longer a murder suspect.
LISH: Yeah. I explained what really happened.
CHARLEY: Oh, hello. Right, don't you think you owe me an apology?
MENZIES: What? No. I'm a policeman. It's my job to suspect people. Is the Doctor here too?
CARMEN: Yes, we've seen him.
MENZIES: Oh, good. I hate to think of him missing out.
CHARLEY: You see, you think you're being sarcastic, but this is actually his idea of fun.
MENZIES: When he's not making wild accusations about people being from the future.
CARMEN: Oh, seems he was right about that.
CHARLEY: She lost her identity on the tables here. She used to be a time traveller, but she's forgotten it all.
LISH: Yeah, it's true.
CHARLEY: Lish, is Carmen's time machine still down in the High Stakes vault?
LISH: Should be.
CHARLEY: Well, then the answer's obvious. We give it back to her, then we can go back in time and somehow nip all this in the bud before it even happens.
MENZIES: Are you allowed to do that?
CHARLEY: Yes, of course. The Doctor and I do it all the time.
MENZIES: Well then, why hasn't he done it yet?
CHARLEY: He probably can't get back to the Tardis. He'll be very grateful to us if we can sort it out.
MENZIES: I'm not arguing. It's just that I'd have thought...
CHARLEY: Look, who out of the four of us has the most experience of time travel?
CARMEN: Oh, well, I...
CHARLEY: And can actually remember it?
CARMEN: All right, fair enough. No need to pull rank. Come on.
CHARLEY: Oh, by the way, did you tell the Doctor about...?
MENZIES: No. You said it was very important that I didn't tell him, and er, well, I believe that much at least.
CHARLEY: Thanks. Thanks for that.

BOUNCER: I'll be right here if he starts anything.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Hello there. Are they treating you well?
LEADER: The Cyrox don't usually take prisoners. Which means they're weakening. I knew it.
DOCTOR: Right. I thought long and hard about whether to tell you this, but the truth is, for all the dreadful things that you've done, I pity you. You're in a hell of your own making, and that's never a nice place to be. So, I think you deserve a chance at the very least.
LEADER: What do you mean?

BROOKS: If you're here to seek compensation then I'm afraid you'll have to join... Oh. Hello, Raincloud Man.
LISH: Forgotten about me, had you?
BROOKS: I thought you were safely locked away.
MENZIES: You might want to send your bouncers on a refresher course.
BROOKS: The first few I made were very intelligent, you know, but now they seem to be suffering from

diminishing returns. I should probably try to refresh the genetic mix.

CHARLEY: We need something from you.

BROOKS: What's that?

CHARLEY: Give her back what she lost.

BROOKS: What, her?

CARMEN: Yes, me.

BROOKS: Carmen, you knew the rules when you played the game.

CARMEN: Well, I've only got your word for that, of course, but I do believe you. But Charley says we can use it to resolve our problems.

BROOKS: You think?

CHARLEY: I'm sure of it.

BROOKS: All right. But it'll have to go through the High Stakes table.

CHARLEY: Why?

BROOKS: Protection against theft. You can't just steal the takings, they have to go up as stakes.

LISH: That won't be a problem. I can make sure Carmen wins it by tilting the luck towards her.

BROOKS: Well, she'll need somebody to play against. You can't tilt luck against the House. I've got defences against it.

LISH: Why don't you play as a punter, then?

BROOKS: Yeah, that'll work. I'll go down to the vault and get the stake.

MENZIES: I'll come with ya.

BROOKS: You go on up to the High Stakes room. Lish knows how to set the table up.

LISH: Will this definitely work?

CHARLEY: I think so. I think it'll work really well.

LEADER: (That's old. Old propaganda. I can't believe you have the nerve to bring it to me.

DOCTOR: It's not propaganda. Think about it. They appear everywhere you go.

LEADER: They're very dedicated to eradicating us.

DOCTOR: Dedicated is the word, yes. That's exactly what they were created to do. Doesn't it make sense?

LEADER: It makes sense that people like you would try to convince us that it was true.

DOCTOR: Oh dear. And this could all have been so much simpler.

MENZIES: So, are you seriously telling me that each of these big tins has got something significant inside it that once belonged to somebody?

BROOKS: Yes I am seriously telling you that.

MENZIES: So how do they work, then?

BROOKS: Would you feel hugely offended and patronised if I told you that I don't think you'd understand?

MENZIES: No, not really. I don't even really understand how microwaves work.

BROOKS: Hmm.

MENZIES: So I'm not sure if I've got much hope of grasping these things.

BROOKS: Well, the technology's organic and it's, er... now where is it?

MENZIES: Can't find it? You need a proper labelling system.

BROOKS: Well, these things always end up being put away last thing at night. Ah. Here it is. The time machine should be on the shelf behind you.

MENZIES: And it's conveniently time machine shaped, is it?

BROOKS: It should be tagged 27/OAT.

MENZIES: Oh yeah, I see it.

BROOKS: Okay. Let's get back up there before...

(Big noise.)

TABBALAC [OC]: The creature's here, on the other side of the wall.

BROOKS: Oh God, they're getting in. What's happened to the shields? Come on, run!

(Security door slams down.)

MENZIES: Will that hold?

BROOKS: I'd have thought so. But then, I thought the shields would hold.

MENZIES: Where's the Doctor?

BROOKS: Talking to the prisoner.

MENZIES: We might need his help. You go on up.

BROOKS: Right.

MENZIES: I'll have a word.

BROOKS: Okay.

MENZIES: I want to talk to him anyway.

CHARLEY: I hope you turn out to be all you're cracked up to be when it comes to time travel.

CARMEN: I can't make any promises.

CHARLEY: Well no, I realise that.

CARMEN: Would anybody else like a drink from the bar?

CHARLEY: No thanks. Lish, is it possible to gift somebody else with your winnings from this table?

LISH: Yes, you can designate somebody else to get whatever you win.

CHARLEY: Right, in that case, could you make me the recipient?

LISH: You? Why?

CHARLEY: I'm not sure we can rely on her. Once she gets her memory back, well, she might be a whole different person. She might not help us at all, whereas I definitely will.

LISH: I suppose that makes sense.

BROOKS: Here it is. Come on, let's get a move on. They're breaking in. Right, what are we playing?

LISH: Roulette.

CARMEN: Fifty-fifty, red or black.

BROOKS: Sure. I'll take red.

DOCTOR: Do you have any idea what's going on out there?

LEADER: I can guess. Our reinforcements have arrived.

DOCTOR: Yes, and so have more of the Cyrox, obviously. And your war is spilling out into a city of innocent bystanders.

LEADER: Why aren't you talking to the Cyrox?

DOCTOR: The Cyrox are not the problem.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Ah, Patricia.

MENZIES: Doctor, they're starting to get in.

DOCTOR: What?

MENZIES: Don't worry. Brooks has got us safe for the moment. They've got into the main hall.

DOCTOR: What? But that's where the Tardis is.

MENZIES: Well, yeah, so maybe you could help us with that.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes of course. Please, think about what I said.

LEADER: I will. It makes me laugh.

MENZIES: There's another thing I didn't want to mention in front of him.

DOCTOR: Oh?

MENZIES: Yeah. Charley's got a plan.

DOCTOR: Oh, that doesn't surprise me. Resourceful girl, that one.

MENZIES: Yeah, just let me know what you think of it. Carmen lost her time machine and all of her knowledge of time travel in a bet, right?

DOCTOR: How careless of her.

MENZIES: So Charley's plan is to give it back to her, then she can go back in time and stop all this before it even starts.

DOCTOR: What?

MENZIES: Yeah, I had a feeling that it wasn't quite right, but she was very insistent.

DOCTOR: What on Earth is she playing at? She should know better.

MENZIES: So it's not on, basically?

DOCTOR: Not in the slightest. Otherwise I'd be doing it all the time.

MENZIES: Charley said you do.

DOCTOR: That girl and I shall have to have words very soon.

TANNOY: There is a game in progress on the High Stakes table.

DOCTOR: Does that mean we're too late?

MENZIES: Wait. There may still be a way round this. But we need...

DOCTOR: What?

MENZIES: We need something that Lish dropped on deck. Come on.

(Roulette wheel spinning.)

LISH: No more bets, please.

MENZIES: Come on, come on.

DOCTOR: Patricia, look out.

(Laser gun fired.)

MENZIES: Cheers for that.

DOCTOR: Yeah.

MENZIES: Right, now how does this...? Heck. How does this work?

DOCTOR: Hmm? What do you need it for?

MENZIES: The Raincloud Man.

DOCTOR: Who?

MENZIES: The Raincloud Man. The guy that works here and causes the punters to have bad luck. This keeps him in check, and if I can turn it off, then his bad luck will affect Carmen too, and the stake will go back to the House. But I don't know how to turn it off.

DOCTOR: Oh. Why didn't you say so? There.

LISH: Oh. Double zero, green.

CHARLEY: What? What does that mean?

BROOKS: Neither red nor black, so there are no winning bets. The House wins.

CARMEN: Lish, did you mess this up?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid it was out of his hands.

CHARLEY: Oh Doctor, good to see you.

MENZIES: You should er, turn that dampener thing back on again.

DOCTOR: Already doing it.

CARMEN: This was your doing.

MENZIES: Yeah. Turned off the dampener and made his raincloud spill out into the room. The only party that wasn't affected was the House.

BROOKS: Why?

DOCTOR: Because this was an insanely irresponsible plan. What were you thinking, Charley?

CHARLEY: That it might work and be a good idea?

DOCTOR: I'll save the three and a half hour lecture on why it wouldn't work and why it was a dreadful idea for later. Brooks?

BROOKS: Yeah.

DOCTOR: Let me take a look at this contraption of yours. The main element of it's in this cabinet, I assume.

BROOKS: Er, yeah. Just be careful with it. It's very, very... very advanced and delicately balanced.

DOCTOR: I'm just taking a few readings. Brooks?

BROOKS: Hmm?

DOCTOR: Do you realise how powerful this thing is?

BROOKS: Yes.

DOCTOR: And you use it to run a gaming table?

BROOKS: Yes.

DOCTOR: No wonder the Tabbalac are petrified that you'll start working with the Cyrox, Hmm. Well, anyway, it means my plan will work.

MENZIES: What plan?

DOCTOR: I have to confess, Charley's dreadful idea has given me a good one.

CHARLEY: Oh well, that's good.

DOCTOR: To an extent.

LEADER: Ah. So you've thought of something else to say.

DOCTOR: Yes, as a matter of fact I have. I'm going to make you an offer.

LEADER: Oh?

DOCTOR: I want to put a stop to this war once and for all. If you'll put it up as the stake on this ship's High Stakes table...

LEADER: I couldn't do that.

DOCTOR: Oh, all right. Not important enough to make that sort of decision, then?

LEADER: Of course I am.

DOCTOR: Oh?

LEADER: I am a High Iridin Kel in the Tabbalac Army. I am authorised to take any tactical decision I see fit. What are you offering to bet anyway?

DOCTOR: I'll put up my ship and my knowledge of how to operate it.

LEADER: Why would we care about that?

DOCTOR: It's a time machine. And if this means anything to you, I am a Time Lord.

LEADER: Prove it.

DOCTOR: You're a Tabbalac. You're supposed to be able to know when people are bluffing, hmm? Am I bluffing?

LEADER: Hmm. No. But I can't bet the outcome of the entire war on that.

DOCTOR: Part of it, then. Put up some ground in the war.

LEADER: You'd really risk this for the sake of stopping us?

DOCTOR: I would, yes. Tell your troops outside to cease hostilities, and the Cyrox will do the same.

LEADER: Very well. Name your game.

CHARLEY: I hope he knows what he's doing.

CARMEN: Even if he doesn't, this is absolutely fascinating.

LEADER: Only the Doctor and the dealer stay. The rest of you, go.

CARMEN: Oh, but...

LEADER: Go! Who's the dealer?

LISH: Er, I am.

(Door closes.)

LEADER: Hmm. Now, explain the rules of this game.

DOCTOR: I'll show you an example round. Let's say you go first. You've got a choice of categories and values relating to what's on your card.

LEADER: Right.

DOCTOR: You pick one in which you feel your card excels, so pick one.

LEADER: Very well. Hmm. Top speed.

DOCTOR: Well, I've got a hundred and eighty miles per hour. What do you have?

LEADER: A hundred and sixty five.

DOCTOR: Oh. So I'd win your card and add it to my deck, and we keep playing until one of us was out of cards.

LEADER: I see. An interesting game.

DOCTOR: Would you er, like to shuffle, just to make sure we're all fair?

LEADER: All right.

DOCTOR: Lish, could you do the honours, please?

LISH: All right.

DOCTOR: Well now, since you're new at this game I'll let you choose the first round.

LEADER: Very well. Engine capacity.

DOCTOR: A hundred and eighty horsepower.

LEADER: Hmm. A hundred and sixty.

MENZIES: It'll be getting light soon.

BROOKS: Hmm.

MENZIES: How's it going in there?

BROOKS: He's won three games. The Leader's lost a lot of ground.

MENZIES: But he's still playing?

BROOKS: Oh, they don't like to turn down a bet, especially not a really juicy one.

MENZIES: Right. I've just been watching their armies staring each other out.

BROOKS: Mmm. I made a dreadful mess of the marina. Another place I should steer clear of for a while.

MENZIES: What happened to the local police?

BROOKS: Oh, my people have very effective techniques for immobilising the likes of them.

MENZIES: What sort? Actually, I don't want to know. How the hell are they going to explain it away?

Accident? Criminal activity?

BROOKS: It'll be a lot easier to explain if the Doctor wins. Then at least there'll still be a city here to explain it to.

DOCTOR: Weight, three thousand eight hundred pounds.

LISH: The Doctor wins again.

LEADER: I'm just getting the hang of this game now. I'll, I'll turn this around.

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know, I'm tempted to quit whilst I'm ahead.

LEADER: One more game, playing for everything. Your machine, your knowledge, all the grounds you've won from us.

DOCTOR: In exchange for everything you have left?

LEADER: Yes.

DOCTOR: You'd lose the war. Back to square one. Are you sure?

LEADER: Yes!

DOCTOR: I accept.

LISH: Okay. Bets are on the table.

LEADER: Wait. Before you deal. One thing.

LISH: What?

(Weapon fired. Lish cries out.)

CHARLEY: What was that noise?

CARMEN: Sounded like a shot.

CHARLEY: Who's been shot?

CARMEN: I don't know. The door's locked.

CHARLEY: Well, let's get it open.

DOCTOR: What did you do that for?

LEADER: He was putting me off. Now you can deal.
DOCTOR: But he's dead.
LEADER: So? Is there any reason why we shouldn't play on?
DOCTOR: Well, I...
LEADER: The bets are on the table. We have to play.
DOCTOR: We don't have a dealer.
LEADER: You deal.

CHARLEY: Oh, what's happening in there? (banging on door) Doctor, are you all right?
BROOKS: I've found the master key.
CARMEN: Well, hurry up, then.

BROOKS: Go.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
MENZIES: Doctor.
LEADER: Stay back. Hmm. RPM?
DOCTOR: Four thousand five hundred.
LEADER: (laughs) Five thousand.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what happened?
BROOKS: Lish.
DOCTOR: He's dead. And I... I lost.
(Shots fired.)
DOCTOR: Oh, not again!
CHARLEY: No, you can't do this, this can't happen.
LEADER: You tried to cheat us with your cooler in play. I'm impressed that you finally found one.
CHARLEY: Can't we play again?
MENZIES: What with? What have we got left to play with?
BROOKS: Actually, the table has detected something which could be valuable to the Tabbalac. Worth a great deal, in fact.
LEADER: Hmm, interesting. Show me.
BROOKS: See, here. The table readout.
(Beeps.)
LEADER: We play again.
DOCTOR: For what?
BROOKS: You'll have to put up everything. The war and the Doctor's knowledge.
MENZIES: What could be worth that?
BROOKS: Charley's got it.
CHARLEY: Me?
BROOKS: Yes. Your memories of your time with the Doctor.
DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY: Why would they be worth that much to them?
LEADER: We are under no obligation to tell you. Are you playing or not?
CHARLEY: This will restore the Doctor and get the Tardis back?
BROOKS: Yes.
CHARLEY: I... I don't know if I should, I mean, what will they do with them, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's your decision, Charley.
CHARLEY: But if I don't, you won't be...
LEADER: If you're not interested, then...
CHARLEY: No, no, no, no, no. I'll take over the Doctor's game. If I win, the stakes go to him.
LEADER: Hmm, good.
CHARLEY: All right then, Mister Brooks, deal.
BROOKS: Bets are on the table.
CHARLEY: Go on then, choose.
LEADER: RPM.
(Later.)
CHARLEY: CC?
LEADER: Four thousand five hundred pounds.
CHARLEY: A hundred and forty seven RPM.
LEADER: Four thousand eight hundred and seventy millimetres.
CHARLEY: Four thousand five hundred pounds.
LEADER: Hmm. CC?
CHARLEY: A hundred and forty seven RPM.
LEADER: Horsepower.

CHARLEY: RPM.
LEADER: Eight cylinders! (laughs)
CHARLEY: Length?
LEADER: One hundred and forty-seven MPH.
CHARLEY: Four thousand five hundred pounds.
LEADER: Length?
CHARLEY: A hundred and forty seven RPM.
LEADER: Four thousand five hundred pounds.
CHARLEY: Four thousand eight hundred and seventy millimetres. Acceleration speed.
LEADER: Nought to sixty in five seconds.
CHARLEY: Yes! Yes!
LEADER: What?
CHARLEY: Four point eight seconds!
BROOKS: Ha! Charley wins.
LEADER: Oh no.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Charley, thank you.
LEADER: (into comms) All units, resume hostilities.
DOCTOR: There's nobody left out there. Well, none of your troops, anyway. That's how powerful this table is. Given the right conditions it can twist reality. You lost the war thirty seconds ago. Your troops are prisoners on the Cyrox homeworld.
BROOKS: Perhaps you should have said no.
LEADER: Well, I can still kill all of you.
BROOKS: Oh, you played and lost. Those are the rules here. My rules. Give it up. Have some dignity. Show some sense for a change.
LEADER: Why should I listen to you? You're nothing but a traitor.
BROOKS: Everything I've done has been to save our people, to stop this war. Can't you see even now that it's a kind of insanity? Just open your eyes for a moment, really open them.
DOCTOR: He's right, you know.
LEADER: I see nothing but treachery.
DOCTOR: No!
(Energy weapon fired. Brooks cries out, thud.)
CARMEN: Brooks!
BROOKS: I... I did my best, you know. I guess the odds just... weren't in my favour.
DOCTOR: Sometimes the stakes are just too high. So, Tabbalac Leader.
LEADER: Hmm.
DOCTOR: Are you proud of yourself?
(Transmat.)
MENZIES: Thank God. The cavalry.
CYROX: You are the last undefeated member of your army.
LEADER: No. Get back.
CYROX: It does not make sense for you to continue fighting.
LEADER: Nothing else makes sense either. I'll kill you all.
(Energy weapons fired.)
CYROX: Kill him.
(Energy weapon fired. Tabbalac Leader gurgles.)
DOCTOR: I am sorry, you know. All this could so easily have been avoided. I hope your people can make a fresh start out of this.
LEADER: I realised too late that I was going to lose. I didn't think the girl had the nerve. But then she seemed to realise that she was guaranteed to win.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
LEADER: As if... as if she knew for sure that you didn't lose who you were today.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
(The Leader dies.)
CYROX: We must go. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Er, yes. Well, I thought you deserved to be set free of this war. Don't let me down. And don't think I won't check up on you.
(Transmat.)

MENZIES: Is that noise what I think it is?
DOCTOR: If you think it's the boat sinking due to damage sustained in battle, then...
CHARLEY: We've got to get out of here.
DOCTOR: The Tardis.
CARMEN: It's a powerful piece of equipment, that table.

DOCTOR: Which is why I think it might be for the best if it does down with the ship.

MENZIES: What if somebody fishes it out?

DOCTOR: Mmm. Oh, I suppose we should make certain.

(Liquid poured.)

MENZIES: Is that the lot?

CARMEN: No. There's a couple of bottles of gin at the back here.

DOCTOR: Right. We're well clear of the harbour now, but we'd better move. The boat's going down fast. Where's Charlotte?

CHARLEY: Here.

DOCTOR: Oh.

CHARLEY: I'm here. I've checked. We're the only ones left on board.

DOCTOR: Excellent. Everybody, get inside the Tardis.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Now Charlotte, be ready to close the doors the second I drop the match.

CHARLEY: Ready.

DOCTOR: Right. Stand well back from the doors. And don't try this at home.

CHARLEY: Come on, Doctor, you're making me nervous.

DOCTOR: All right, all right. Here goes.

(Match struck.)

DOCTOR: Run.

(Tardis door closes. Whoosh of flames, The Tardis dematerialises.)

MENZIES: Do you think the marina's got insurance against this sort of thing?

DOCTOR: Well, it could have been a great deal worse. Fortunately the armies were mainly concentrating on each other.

CARMEN: I'll donate some of the cash I picked up from the ship to the victims.

DOCTOR: Cash? What cash?

CARMEN: I have to congratulate you, Doctor.

MENZIES: Yep. You're quite the detective.

DOCTOR: Oh. There turned out to be rather more to it than I was expecting. I am surprised you didn't protest when I destroyed the High Stakes Table.

CARMEN: Well, I was ambivalent about getting my old self back, anyway.

DOCTOR: Oh.

CARMEN: Who knows what I was like before that? I could have been anybody, come from anywhere.

DOCTOR: Well, judging from your machine I'd say it's likely you're a human from the 108th maybe 109th century...

CARMEN: I meant, Doctor, that I'm a fairly clean slate, and I'd like to keep it that way.

MENZIES: Are you coming back to Manchester with us, then?

CARMEN: I don't think so. This seems as good a place as any. Goodbye, Doctor. It's been an experience.

DOCTOR: Goodbye. Now, where's Charley?

MENZIES: Still there watching the fire with everybody else. There's quite a crowd got up. Doctor. Er, this'll sound like a funny question, but er, can I come with ya?

DOCTOR: Oh, it's not that funny. I get asked it on average about four times a year.

MENZIES: Oh, right. It's just er, my life back there, it's all got a bit complicated.

DOCTOR: Well, life with me can be complicated too.

MENZIES: I'm hoping it'll be a better sort of complicated. So?

DOCTOR: I'd like to say yes, but things are rather odd with Charley around. There is something about her that just doesn't add up.

MENZIES: You're telling me. I don't think she means badly at all, but I'd watch out for her if I were you.

DOCTOR: Don't worry, I intend to. I'm sorry the timing isn't right for you to come along.

MENZIES: Nah, it's okay. I should be more of a grown-up about it rather than making plans to run out.

DOCTOR: Well, maybe one day, though.

MENZIES: Yeah. Maybe. I'd like that.

DOCTOR: So would I, Patricia.

CHARLEY: Well, nice to see Menzies again, wasn't it?

DOCTOR: Apart from when she arrested you for murder.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

CHARLEY: Well... (laughs) these things happen.

DOCTOR: Yes, well, I'm afraid they do when you travel with me.

CHARLEY: Mmm.

DOCTOR: Charley?

CHARLEY: Yes?

DOCTOR: If you're going to stay in the Tardis, then I need to know I can trust you.

CHARLEY: You can.

DOCTOR: That stunt you tried to pull with Carmen isn't the sort of thing which someone I trust would do.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Doctor, I - I just wasn't thinking.

DOCTOR: For some reason you seem to be very well aware of the delicacy of the Web of Time, and I know for a fact that you aren't stupid.

CHARLEY: I've told you, I wasn't thinking.

DOCTOR: And do you know what disturbs me about that? Well?

CHARLEY: No.

DOCTOR: I don't believe you.

CHARLEY: Oh.

DOCTOR: So, where do we go from here, Charley?